A Wreath in an Ice Cake.

WREATH of Australian wild flowers in a block of ice re-A ice recently arrived in England to be placed on the Unknown Warrior's grave in Westminster Abbey. When thawed flowers were as fresh as when gathered.



# Madazine Page



### This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the capture of Jerusalem in 70 A. D. The temples, theaters and architectural works completed under Herod were laid in ruins and the story of ancient Jerusalem came to a close.

## Robert W. Chambers'

# THE STREETS OF ASCALON "Lustrated Charles Dana Gibson

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful

### A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W Chambers. \* trol her lips she said: Whose Novels Have Won Him In-ternational Fame.

66 O you think so?" she said, lip between her teeth. 'Don't you?'

"I do .. . But it's your unknown self I'm afraid of, Strelsa. God alone knows what it may do

to both of us." "There is no other self! What do

you mean?" "There are two others-not this intellectual, friendly, kindly, visible self that offers friendship and ac-

cepts it-not even the occult, aloof, spiritual self that I sometimes see brooding in your gray eyes-" "There is no other!" she said,

flushing and rising to her feet. "Is it dead?" "It never lived!" "Then," he said coolly, "It will be

born as sure as I stand here!-born to complete the trinity." He glanced out over the lake, then swung around sharply: "You are wrong. It has been born. And that unknown self is hostile to me; and I

They walked toward the house together, silent for a while. Then she said: "I think we have talked some nonsense. Don't you?' "You haven't.

"You're a generous boy; do you know it?"

"You say so." "Oh, I'll cheerfully admit it. If you weren't you'd detest me-perhaps despise me."

"Men don't detest or despise a hurt and frightened child." "But a selfish and cowardly woman? What does a man of

your sort think of her?" "I don't know," he said. "Whatever you are I can't help loving

She strove to laugh, but her mouth suddenly became tremulous. After a while when she could con-

"I want to talk some more to you-and I don't know how; I don't know what I want to say except

that-that"-"What, Strelsa?"

"Please be-kind to me." She smiled at him, but her lips still quivered. He said after a moment: "I

couldn't be anything else." "Are you very sure?"

"Yes." "It means a great deal to me,"

she said. They reached the house, but the motor party had not yet returned. Tea was served to them on the veranda; the fat setter came and begged for tastes of things that were certain to add to his obesity: and he got them in chunks and

bolted them, wagging. An hour later the telephone rang; it was Molly on the wire and she wanted to speak to Quarren. He could hear her laughing before she spoke:

"Ricky dear?" "Yes."

"Am I an angel or otherwise?" "Augel always-but why particularly at this instant?"

"Stupid! Haven't you had her alone all the afternoon?" "Yes-you corker!"

"Well, then!" "Molly, I worship you."

"Et apres?" "I'll double that! I adore you

None to Come. "Content! What are you two do-

also!"

ing?" "Strelsa and I have been taking

"Oh, is it 'Strelsa' already?" "Very unwillingly on her part." "It isn't 'Ricky, too, is it?"

'Alas! not yet!"

"No matter. The child is horri-bly lonely and depressed. What do you think I've done, very cleverly?"

Who's Who in "The Streets of Ascalon"

STRELSA LEEDS-A charming young widow, who comes to New York and is sponsored by one of the leaders of society.

RICHARD QUARREN—A gifted young idler, who falls in love with Strelsa.

LANGLY SPROWL-A multi-millionaire. who has determined to marry Strelsa, and who has explained his unsavory past to her by a seemingly frank talk.

SIR CHARLES MALLISON-A rich Englishman, who has long hoped to win Strelsa's heart.

MARY LEDWITH-Who, betrayed

Sprowl, at last sees the good in Chester Ledwith, the husband she tossed aside.

THE EARL OF DANKMERE-Who brings over a lot of family pictures and incidentally starts Quarren on the road to useful-

MOLLY WYCHERLY-A great friend of Strelsa's, who breaks to Quarren the news that the young widow has lost all her money.

MRS. SPROWL-A Fifth avenue dowager, who undertakes a matrimonial campaign for Strelsa, hoping to marry her to Sir Charles Mallison.

"What?"

"Flattered Jim and his driving until I induced him to take us all the way to North Linden. We can't possibly get bac until dinner. But that's not all."

"What more, most wonderful of women?"

"I've got him with us," she said with satisfaction. "I made Jim stop and pick him up. I knew he was planning to drop in on Strelsa. And I made it such a personal matter that he should come with us to see some fool horses at Acremont that he couldn't wriggle out of it particularly as Strelsa is my guest and he's rather wary of offending me. Now, Ricky, make the best of your time because the beast is dining with us. I couldn't avoid asking him."

"Very well," said Quarren grimly. He went back to the veranda where Strelsa sat behind the teatable in her frail pink gown looking distractingly pretty and demure. What had Molly to say to you

all that time?" she asked. JEALOUSY. "Was I long away?"

"Yes, you were!"

too long-" "I did not say so! ID you think it was short I shall warn Jim

"I'm delighted you found the time

and Molly. . . Oh, dear! Is that a mosquito?"

"I'm afraid it is," said Quarren "Then indoors I go!" exclaimed Streisa indignantly. "You may come with me or remain out here and be slowly assassinated."

And she went in, rather hastly, calling to him to close the screen Quarren glanced around the de-

serted drawing room. Through the bay-window late afternoon sunlight poured flooding the room with a ruddy glory. "I wonder if there's enough of

this celestial radiance to make a new aureole for you?" he said. "So my old one is worn out, is

"I meant to offer you a double halo."

"You do say sweet things-for a rather obstinate young man." she said, flashing a laughing side glance at him. Then she walked slowly through the sunshine into the dimmer music room, and found a seat at the plane. Her mood changed; she became gay, capricious, even a trifle imperatvie: "Please lean on the piano." He did so, inquiringly.

she said,

Wycherly how time flies with you + have attempted to seat yourself on this bench and there isn't room for both of us without crowding." "If you moved a little"-

"But I won't." she said serenely, and dropped her slim hands on the keyboard.

She sang one or two modern songs, and he took second part in a pleasant, careless, but acceptable baritone.

"The old ones are the best," she commented, running lightly through a medley ranging from "The Mikado" to "Ermine," the "Black Hussar" and "The Mascotte." They sang the "gobble duet" from the latter fairly well:

"When on your manly form I gaze A sense of pleasure passes o'er

He. "The murmured music of your

Is sweeter far than liquid honey!" And so on through the bleating

of his sheep and the gobbling of her turkeys until they could scarcely sing for laughing. Then the mood of the absurd seized her; and she made him

breath for the eternal refrain:

sing "Johnny Schmoker" with her until they could scarcely draw Come, Mr. Quarren; I am waiting for you to do something silly."

### + She pretended to be overcome by "Shall I say it or do it?" "Either." "Then I'll recite something very,

very precious-subtly, intricably, and psycholigically precious." "Oh, please do!"

"It's it's about a lover." She blushed.

"Do you mind?" "You are the limit! Of course I don't!"

"It's about a lady, too." "Naturally."

"And love-rash, precipitate, unwarranted, unrequited, and fatal

love." "I can stand it if you can," she said with the faintest glimmer of

malice in her smile "All right. The title is: 'Oh.

Love! Oh, Why?" "A perfectly good title," she said

gravely. I always say 'why?' to So he bowed to her and began very

seriously:

"Oh. Lover in haste, beware of Fate! Wait for a moment while I relate A harrowing tragedy up to date Of innate Hate.

"A maiden rocked on her rockingchair;

mer air: An amorous Fly espied her there, So rare and fair.

"Before she knkew where she was

And she batted him one which slapped him flat

Beyond the Bournes of the By-and-By. Spattered the soul of the amorous

Oh, Love! Oh, Why?"

Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

> the tragic pathos of the poem "I cannot bear it," she protested;

"I cannot endure the realism of that spattered soul. Why not let her wave him away and have him plunge headlong onto a sheet of fly-paper and die a buzzing martyr?"

Then, swift as a weather-vane swinging from north to south her mood changed once more and softened; and her fingers again began idling among the keys, striking vague harmonies.

He came across the room and stood looking down over her shoulder; and after a moment her hands ceased stirring, fell inert on

the keys. TOO SERIOUS. A single red shaft of light slanted on the wall. It faded out to pick, lingered; and then the gray evening

shadows covered it. The world outside was very still; the room was stiller, save for her heart, which only she could hear, rapid persistent, beating the reveille. She heard it and sat motionless

every nerve in her was sounding the alarm; every breath repeated the prophecy; and she did not stir. even when his arm encircled her Her head, fallen partly back, rested a moment against his shoulder she met his light caress with un responsive lips and eyes that looked up blindly into his.

Then her face burned scarlet and she sprang up, retreating as he caught her slender hand. "No!-please. Let me go! This

is too serious even if we did not mean it"-"You know I mean it," he said

"You must not! You understand why! \* \* \* And don't again! I am not-I do not choose to-to al-

To Be Continued Tomorrow. (Copyright by Robert W. Chambers.)

## By Ann Lisle.

Whose Present Serial Has Won a Nation-Wide Success ORGIVE, Barbabra Anne!" he cried contritely. "I was trying to be funny, and lake most folks who try—I was succeeding merely in bein 'smarty.' I felt a little awkward about tell-

ing you how wonderful I think you've just been. You handled that advertising account like a trump. Your loyalty to the old shop is a heartening thing to see. And the editorial chair, which seemed several sizes too large and upholstered with tacks to boot, looks more comfy to me now. Your help has pulled us out of a hole already. By heck! It was a good day for the old sheet when you decided to come

back and run it-darned if it Carl held out his hand, and I took it in a friendly grip.
"When will you be on the job
regularly?" he asked in his old tone

of boyish eagerness. "I've several matters to clear "Can you make it the first of the week? Or do you want more time to get ready? Now I know you're coming, darned if I don't think I can do the work of three for a time

-editor, advertising man ,and con-fidential secretary to both." "You nice, funny, big-brother person." I laughed, freeing my hand from his paralyzing grip.

A Surprise for Anne. Carl's reply astonished me. What's that fat old duffer to ou, anyway? Where did you meet him? He's all right as an advertising account, but he's an almighty bounder and I can't have you knowing him!" he exclaimed. I felt myself color. If this had been any other man but Carl I would have reminded him that there was no reason for me to render an account of my comings and goings, acquaintances or preference in regard to company for lunch or other occasions. But Carl is such an old pal that I understood his protective

feeling, and knew that if I were a man I'd share his prejudices in re-gard to one Max Hoadley, of Hoadley Hats. So I explained how Mr. Hoadley had called at Virginia's to get ref-erences regarding Lyons. I went on to relate how Anthony Norrey had stepped in and engaged Lyons in a way most satisfactory to me and my interest in my protege, but most humiliating and maddening to Max Hoadley, who'd taken it pretty

well, all things considered. Carl heaved a funny sigh which I might have known you'd not take any interest but a helpful, charitable one in the old idiot," he said. "And now, since you seem in a hurry to be away. I'm not going to start off as a tyrant who interferes with your plans. You'll be

ried down to the street, merely stopping for a sandwich and coffee at a drug store, and rushed across

### A GIRL MARRIES to meet her anew in the light of

Our last meeting had been a friendly woman to woman one, due to my revelation that I had once been one of the world of workers. It seemed to me that I could count on her cordial reception of the news that I'd gone back to the world of work. I wasn't sure of much sympathy anywhere

> Dad Lee Again. I had the friendliest of feeltoward the faithful, watchoffice boy even though he intercepted me as usual, and they warmed to something like affection when the youngster's face broke into a grin all peppered by freckles,

> and he said: "Howd'y, Mrs. Harrison! You're to go right in always. She said so, but she said 'unrelaxed vigilance where the rest of the world is concerned.' Unrelaxed vigilance is the word.

my lad," I replied in a hushed tone of conspiracy. "We've got to see the old ship through her voyage and we can't take any dangerous characters aboard, can we?"
"No, ma'am," breathed Oliver in a tone of sudden approval which suggested that sharing his make-believe and indicating that I sensed

the manly loyalty behind his boy-

ish game had won the lad's friend-So I walked unannounced as of old into the office which had been Jim's. There, facing me in her usual trim, stiffly starched white shirt-waist, sat Mabel Storrs. Her smooth hair was caressed by a straggling ray of sunlight which shone into my eyes for a moment and dazzled me so that I did not notice at once

that she had a visitor.

### (To Be Continued Saturday.) The Rhyming **Optimist**

O NCE Smith went smiling and serene, a peaceful happy; but now he wears so fierce a mien folk speak of him as "Snappy." Whenever friends go smiling by with cordial cheers and waving, he glares at them with baleful eye and straightway starts to raving: "I used to journey here and there aboard my wilfull fliv-ver, and order all the bill of fare without a single shiver. I'll say they were the good old times when every man spent gladly; but now I count my few slick dimes and squeeze them long and sadly."
Most people only plugged their ears
and fled from Smith's oration: but
one true friend beheld his tears
and spoke in consolation: "John Smith," said he, "why rock the boat, why utter useless wailing? Though rough the waters where you float, it's best to keep on sailing. Look 'round the globe to other ing. Look 'round the globe to other lands which war and famine master, and then, perhaps, you'll clap your hands because we've missed disaster. Perhaps you'll don your working clothes and quit your plaints on taxes, rejoiced to miss the Polish oaths, the Russian battle axes. John Smith, you are a lucky dog, your fortune's overflowing, so stop your croaking like a ing, so stop your creaking like a frog and do your share of rowing."

### GO BACK TO SCHOOL

-By W. A. McKeever-Widely Known Lecturer and Author

and a National Authority on Juvenile Problems. TUST now, at the approaching of the new term, many thousands of youths are faltering seriously on the subject of further attendance at school. My advice is, by all

means go back to the class room. It may for the time being seem easy to hold down a job and to earn all the money you appear to need. But that will prove only a temporary arrangement. Sooner or later your lack of schooling may come up and slap you squarely in the face. You will see educated young men passing over your head, while you remain on some dead level of ac-

complishment. So many young men have an entirely wrong idea of the common school course. They imagine its purpose is to learn something you can at once take out into the world and sell or turn into direct profit. But that is a cheap, short-sighted view

of the matter. Up till you are twenty-one or more you must think of the best school as a place to grow into a fuller and deeper knowledge of the world and its affairs. In the school you may study a little, read much, discuss hundreds of things, and thus acquire a fondness for knowledge. Finally, you grow an ambition to be somebody and to do something worth

kind of progressive school is good enough. While you are still young and impressionable you simply need some agency to stimulate your in-terest in things worth while and self-improvement. A common high school, a school of craftsmanship with some cultural subjects like English and his-

tory included, a business college that holds up high ideals—surely one of

these can be found to fit you. Make haste to get into it. Yes, I know you are interested in Tes, I know you are interested in making money and getting ahead financially. That is precisely what is thought of in this admonition to go back to school. The general growth of your mind, the deeper grasp of some additional subjects, the better knowledge of how to get on with people, the new, manifold vision of a larger and more independent career—these are the subtle forces which the school course quietly organize within you, issuing quietly organize within you, issuing finally in a personality which can go out and command bigger wages and a far happier relation to busi-

So you see, my boy, I want you to go to school—not so much to mas-ter certain subjects and to obtain some grades, but to learn how to master yourself. Do not grow "sour" on the world of prowess about you. Do not grow bitter with envy at other young men who succeed through education. Resolve to get into the moving procession yourself and learn to keep step with the best of them. Force yourself back into school,

## By Ruby M.

66T 'M afraid I've been listening." + wish that he should go to South

her face and her eyes looked fever-"And, father—you're quite wrong if you-if you think that Philip is leaving me. It is my wish, too. We we both think that it is the best thing—that we should both be free quite free for the present,

She turned to her husband. "That is so, isn't it?" she asked. raising her voice a little. "Tell father that it is the wish of us both that you should go."

The moments had been terrible to her while she stood there in the doorway. She had had no intention of eavesdropping. She had known that her father was there and had come in quite naturally to see him, and then she felt that what was left of her pride

had been dragged in the mire while she listened to his blustering words. He had come to bully Philip into staying with her; to dare him to go! Would Philip have consented? She rejoiced that he had not had the chance—that she had come in time to spare herself this last

humiliation Philip had turned away without answering. The whole scene was a nightmare to him. His father-in-law's coarse, blustering anger, Eva's intervention and the strained, sick look on her flushed face. He had never been a very discerning man. He was content, as a rule, to take things at their face value; if anyone said a thing,

he believed it. He did not know enough about women to know also that, when a woman is lying, she often appears to be most truthful. Eva had said that it had been her

> Lovelorn By Beatrice Fairfax.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Some months ago I met a young lady. It was a "love at first sight" affair on my part. I proposed and met her parents. After going about with her a short time I unintentionally disapointed her several times. She has refused to see man and her parents refuse to allow her to see

After five weeks without seeing pointment, and she has decided to give me another chance. Will you pplease advise me what to do in order to show her folks that am in sarnest?

she said composedly, though Africa! Very well. He believed it there was a heetic flush on dismissal. He walked over to the fireplace, keeping his back turned to his father-in-law. Mr. Dennison spoke to him

> "You hear what my daughter says! Is this the truth?" "Yes."

smirch on my name till now. I've always walked upright, and kept my name clean." His face grew apoplectic once more.
"And to think that I ever thought

in sudden passion. "Father!" Mr. Dennison shook his daugh-

able man, which is more than he has done, or is likely to do from what I can see of it." Philip swung round, his eyes blazed in his white face.
"You shall apologize for that!" he

"Philip!" Eva was between the one! Oh, father, please, please go away and leave us alone." Mr. Dennison looked at his daugh-

her hands clasped in her lap. Every now and then a great shudder shook her from head to foot. She wondered dully what Philip would say; if he at all realized what it had cost her so to defend him, if he would be at all grateful to her, or

sort of faint curiosity in her mind as to what attitude he would take now. Then all at once he spoke, without

these things are managed. Are you going to wait till I've gone and then sue for desertion? Is that it? I promise not to put in a defense."
His voice quivered with passion.
"Why don't you answer? Why
don't you say something?"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

and the interminable list of musical instruments so easily mastered by that Teutonic musician. "I want to sing you a section of

"Kanst du spielen?"

one of those imbecile, colorless, pastel-tinted and very precious Debussy things," she exclaimed; and did so, wandering and meandering on and on through meaningless mazes of sound until he begged for mercy and even had to stay her hands on the keyboard with his own. appointment and surprise.

"Very well," she said: "you'll have to match my performance with something equally imbecile"; and she composed herself to listen .

"That isn't silly enough." Roll over on the rug and play dead." He prepared to do so but she

and not lose-lose"---"Dignity?" "No-I don't know what I mean,

She stopped then, pretending dis-"SOMETHING SILLY."

"What shall I do that is sufficiently imbecile?" he asked gravely; "turn seven solemn handsprings?"

wouldn't permit him. "No! I don't want to remember you doing such a thing . . . All the same I believe you could do it

Her store-curls stirred on the sum

He'd kissed the maiden where she

Ker-spat! Like that! 'Oh, Life! Oh, Death! Oh, swat-inthe-eye!

Fly.

### low-endure-such-things"-Published by arrangement with Inter national Feature Service, inc.

# An Old Friend in a New Form



For three generations Fruit of the Loom muslin has been a trusted friend in thousands of American households.

Women using it for their white sewing have learned from experience how well it wears, how fine and smooth its finish is, and that after washing it looks as well as the day it was bought. Now this old friend can be had in a new form. Leading manufacturers are

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It is worth your while to ask for Fruit of the

ters of Windsor Crepe and Other Pine Cotton Fabrica 88 Worth Street, New York



in Monday morning?"

I agreed to do that and then hur-

the car line which would carry me to Jim's office. I'd been afraid to communicate with Miss Storr over the telephone, but I was anxi-ous to tell her the news of the ar-rest of Dick West's accomplice, and o beg her again to guard all important papers with the utmost care as long as Dick West's whereabouts unknown. I wanted, moreover,

## Young men are often surprised when I tell them that almost any Advice to the

A Lover on Trial.

WHY don't you write the girl's mother a letter teiling her that the engagements you broke caused no one more regret than they gave you. Ask frankly if you may not have another chance to prove that your friendship is fine and of worth-while calibre. Unless there is some obstacle of which you have not spoken. I don't see why have not spoken. I don't see why the girl's people need hold on to their prejudices so firmly and des-

sharply:

Mr. Dennison was nonplussed. He had not expected so tame an Humph! Well, I call it disgrace-

it an honor for my daughter to marry a Winterdick!" he broke out

ter's hand away.
"I'm not talking to you, my girl, but to Philip here. I've kept my share of the bargain like an honor-

said hoarsely. "Apologize, I say, two men. "Philip!" Your mother will hear—and the servants! Every-

Mr. Dennison looked at his daughter.

"That's right! Turn your father out of the house now there's nothing more to be got out of him," he said in an injured voice. "I can go now I'm no more use."

He picked up his hat and strode to the door, "It's the last time I shall trouble either of you," he said melodramatically as he opened it. melodramatically as he opened it. Eva had sunk down into a chair,

sorry for her.
She was past hoping for a kind word from him, but there was still a

Then all at once he spoke, without looking at her, without even seeming to address her.

"And so the way is very nicely cleared—for Calligan," he laughed discordantly. "Well, I suppose I have no complaint." He looked down at her consideringly. "How do you propse to work it?" he asked. "Have you got that mapped out, too? I've often wondered how these things are managed. Are you the set things are managed.

Her white lips just formed the words; she was wondering how much longer it would be before the thread endurance snapped; this last insult, so undeserved, so unexpected, had struck her to the soul.

There's nothing to say."